

WALKED AWAY IN HER NIGHTIE

AUNT FELT IN CLARA'S CRIB AND SHE WAS GONE.

After Hours of Search by Her Distracted Aunts and Uncle and the Police Four-Year-Old Returns and Tells a Story of a Hoogysbo in Her Room.

CLARA PURDON lately, so Clara's aunt says, has acquired the habit of talking about Fred Lohman in her sleep. Clara Purdon is a young girl, four years old and Freddy is almost an entire year older. Some time between 1 and 3 o'clock yesterday morning Clara, wearing only her shiny yellow ringlets and a wisp of a nightie, arose from her crib on the third floor of her father's home at 53 Webster avenue, Brooklyn, and without pausing even to put on her stockings started out in the darkness to call on Freddy Lohman, who lives at 50 Webster avenue.

Clara's mother died when the girl was born. The little one's father, David Purdon, is a noncom on the battleship Utah, and for some time has been with his ship in the Delaware River, where the warship is being overhauled at a Camden dock. Almost since the moment of Clara's birth she has been looked after by her mother's sister, Miss Mary McNe. On Saturday night about 8:30 o'clock Aunt Mary took Clara from the joys of Freddy Lohman's white canvas hammock in Freddy's back yard and led Clara to her own crib and home. Clara was asleep minutes before Aunt Mary had turned down the gas and had tipped out of the bedroom to join Aunt Laura and Aunt Laura's husband, George Baldwin, on the second floor.

About midnight Aunt Mary, whose bed is beside little Clara's crib, climbed to the top floor and went to bed. When Aunt Mary turned out the gas Clara was slumbering too soundly even to mutter about Freddy Lohman. Until 1 o'clock A. M. Uncle George Baldwin sat on the veranda smoking and then he flicked his cigar out into the blackness under the shade trees, locked the doors, said good-night to Togo, Clara's two-year-old English bulldog—who has the run of the ground floor and night-darkened the house and went to sleep.

It was just about 3 o'clock in the morning when Aunt Mary, who Clara looks on as "mother," woke up in the darkness. A big rainstorm was getting ready to break and there were faint flashes of lightning. Aunt Mary, but half awake, instinctively reached out an arm to satisfy herself that Clara Curlylocks was safely tucked in.

There was no Clara on Aunt Mary's side of the crib. Aunt Mary said yesterday that straightaway she became wholly awake and stretched her arm forth in the darkness to the far side of the crib and when she was still unable to feel Clara's body where it ought to be Aunt Mary hurriedly began to run both hands all over the crib and finally the foot of her own bed.

Aunt Mary jumped up and lit the gas. There was no Clara in crib or bed nor on the floor beneath the bed. The bedclothes in disarray showed that Clara either had got up herself or had been taken from the bed by an intruder. At the foot of the crib on the floor were the child's bedroom slippers.

Frightened, Aunt Mary pulled open closet doors and ran to search each room on the top floor. There was no Clara and Aunt Mary ran down to the second floor to light the gas jets and search there. Aunt Mary grew hysterical in a moment and screamed. Her sister, Aunt Laura, and George Baldwin, Aunt Laura's husband, came running from their bedroom to ask excitedly what had happened.

In a moment the three grownups had learned that there was no living thing but themselves on any of the three floors except Clara's bulldog Togo. Togo barked sleepily at the door leading from the kitchen down to the cellar.

"Togo, where is Baby?" Aunt Clara demanded wildly again and again of the brindle bulldog. Below in the cellar Uncle George Baldwin was kneeling over boxes and potato barrels looking for Clara, who was not there.

Front door and back were looked as Uncle George left them, and so were the windows. In a few minutes, however, Uncle George discovered that a small side door which opens on the yard had been unlocked and then carefully closed by whoever had done out that way.

Aunt Laura long before this had given up all efforts to calm Aunt Mary and now Aunt Laura was herself hysterical. While Uncle George ran out to search the garden, the street and neighboring lawns Aunt Laura, so Aunt Mary says, had decided that the man had first chloroformed Clara and had then taken the baby away in a taxi.

Until almost 4 o'clock in the morning Uncle George searched for Clara and then he ran to the Parkville police station, an eighth of a mile away, to ask Lieut. Dick Duffley to send some policemen to help get Clara back. "My cop," as little Clara calls Patrolman Hugh Myers, and Detective Emil Geisler went back to the house to begin the search all over again.

Blurs moving about the black yard showed the policemen where Aunt Mary and Aunt Laura still were searching for Clara. The rain was flooding down in drenches. Clara wasn't in her own house, not in Harry Rothman's yard, not in George's, where Clara often plays with five-year-old Harry. As darkness gave way to the first gray of dawn after the passing of the rainstorm Uncle George hurried off and sent a telegram to Clara's father aboard the Utah.

FIFTY HURT IN TRAIN WRECK

DELIBERATE CRIME OF EXPERTS, SAY RAILROAD MEN.

Spikes Drawn From Rail on New Haven Line Near Higganum, Conn. Seven Cars Derailed—Victims Terrified—Mangled; Several May Die—No Help Near.

HARTFORD, Aug. 28.—A New York, New Haven and Hartford train made up of seven passenger cars and one baggage car was derailed about a mile out of Higganum, Conn., two miles from Middletown, last night. Fifty passengers were injured. It is not thought that any were killed. The rails spread while the train was making a curve at forty miles an hour.

The engine, the baggage car and the first two passenger cars were thrown down a fifteen foot embankment. The other cars were overturned. There was no help near the wreck and the first that was heard of the wreck was when two passengers who had run the two miles to Middletown burst into the police station and asked that doctors and ambulances be sent to the accident.

Among the injured are W. L. Williams of Springfield, Mass., right leg and arm broken; Carl G. Homst of Hartford, Conn., cut about the head; Frank Todd of Hartford, cut about head and hands; Herbert Spooner of Hartford, cut about head; Alvin Brown of Hartford, internal injuries; Lillian Locke of Hartford, internal injuries; James A. Fields of Hartford, internal injuries; Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Colt of New London, David Dunn of Norwich, cut and bruised; W. H. Trask of Hartford, leg crushed; Oscar Whitehead of Hartford, badly bruised; Pierce Enos, scalp wounds; H. F. Adams of Hockanum, hands crushed; Charles Goff, cut and bruised; A. L. Grant of Hartford, leg hurt; G. P. Leenier of Moodus, Conn., cut and bruised; Nellie Bartlett of Springfield, head hurt; unidentified boy from Meriden, badly bruised and unconscious.

Brown and Locke may die. The engineer, Robert Mather of Hartford, is suffering from concussion of the brain. He was found under the locomotive. The fireman was picked up unconscious.

The wounded were hurried to Middletown, where they were placed in the Middlesex County Hospital. A relief train from Hartford was sent out about 11 P. M.

The derailed train left North Saybrook Junction at 7:12 o'clock and was due at Hartford at 8:20 o'clock.

It was an accommodation train that carried Hartford business men who were returning from the seashore resorts along the Sound, where they had spent the week end.

Railroad men at the scene of the wreck said early this morning that it was deliberate work done by experienced train wreckers. They said that the spikes had been drawn from the rail that spread and threw the cars into the ditch. They say they know of no motive for such an act.

The Middlesex Hospital is crowded and the special train that left Hartford at 11 o'clock came back with more who had been hurt when the cars went off.

Several of the more seriously injured are expected to die this morning.

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY BROKE. Policemen and firemen of Jersey City to Play Ball for the Youngsters.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children at 163 Grand street, Jersey City, is in need of money to carry on its work, and unless purse strings are opened before the summer vacation season closes the butcher, baker and grocer will have to hang up the management for supplies for the kids.

There are now thirty boys and girls at the home under the care of Matron Margaret Read. The society took charge of most of them because of the habits of their parents, and they would have become charges on the city but for the intervention of the society.

The Jersey City policemen are much interested in the S. P. C. C. and are familiar with the work of the home. President Edward O'Connor of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association said yesterday that the cops will do what they can to help the society by issuing a challenge to the baseball team of the Fire Department, the gate receipts to go to the poor children.

ASTOR PARTY SPENT SUNDAY AT THE ROBBINS ISLAND GOLF CLUB. The Noma, Col. John Jacob Astor's yacht, with the Colonel, Miss Madeleine Force, his fiancée, and her father aboard, steamed out of Cutchogue harbor at noon yesterday, where she had been lying since Saturday morning off Robbins Island, bound for Newport.

The party spent the night at the Robbins Island Golf Club and came out yesterday morning for breakfast. Then they went back to the club again, loafed through a lazy morning looking over the fine game preserve on the island and were off at noon.

The mariners of New Suffolk, across the way from Robbins Island, who watched eagerly for the Noma's smoke, say they don't expect to see her again for two weeks. At that time the shooting season on Robbins Island opens and the Astor party are coming back for some of it, according to their friends at the gun club.

DESTROYER BADLY DAMAGED. Monaghan Backs Through Bulkhead and Into the Earth.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 27. The torpedo boat destroyer Monaghan, which through a defect in her reversing gear rammed through the head of her slip at the torpedo station here on Saturday morning did not escape unharmed as was at first reported.

It was learned to-day that the destroyer has two holes in her port bow, that some of her frames are bent and the total damage will amount to about \$1,000.

The destroyer went through the wooden bulkhead, which was fifteen feet in thickness, and then went about ten feet into the earth. It required the services of another destroyer and two other boats to haul her clear.

DELAWARE TO TEST BIG GUNS. Dredbought to Turn Whole Battery Upon the San Marcos.

NORFOLK, Va., Aug. 27. Twenty battleships, cruisers, supply ships and the hospital ship Solace left Hampton Roads at 10 o'clock this morning for Tangier Sound, where to-morrow the dreadbought Delaware will open fire on what is left of the once battleship San Marcos, at one time called the Texas, and which now lies half buried in the mud of Chesapeake Bay.

The Delaware will use her whole battery of ten 12 inch guns on the helpless old ship. It will be the first time these guns have ever been used. The shooting will not only try the accuracy of the guns on the dreadbought but will also serve to show up any defects, if any exist, in the mechanism of the guns.

STRENGTHEN GERMAN NAVY

Ominous Words of the Kaiser in Speech at Hamburg Banquet.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. HAMBURG, Aug. 27.—The Kaiser in a speech at a banquet here to-night said that it isn't astonishing that the upward movement of German trade has inconvenienced many parties. He continued:

"World competition in commerce is wholesome for peoples and for States and is necessary to stimulate them to new achievements. But that competition is capable of being fought out peaceably."

"Protection to our trade and navigation has been provided by our navy, which is developing powerfully and distinguishing itself everywhere by its good behavior and discipline. It represents the German people's desire for salt water."

"I think that I can assume that Hamburgers desire that the navy be further strengthened so as to insure that nobody will dispute that place in the world which is our due."

FISHER SEES LIGHT ON COAL. Promises Fair and Speedy Action on Alaskan Claims, Visiting Copper Field.

TACOMA, Aug. 27.—Secretary of the Interior Fisher, guest of the Guggenheim and J. P. Morgan to-day, visiting their bonanza mines, famed as the richest copper mines in the world, at Kennecott, the present terminus of the Copper River Railroad, Secretary Fisher and party went to Kennecott yesterday by special train, accompanied by the Guggenheim representative in charge of the Copper River Railroad.

Three days spent at Katalla convinced Secretary Fisher that justice has been done the people interested in that region both in long deferred action touching the claimants' rights and in the gross manner in which the coal fields have been misrepesented. Secretary Fisher saw coal measures and heard of others, but he did not see a single piece of solid coal as large as a hen's egg, because all accessible coal in the Bering River field has been ground to powder by some contortion of underlying and overlying strata.

The revenue cutter Tahoma reached Cordova yesterday. Cable despatches say Secretary Fisher was taken over to Cordova by automobile. Before he left by special train for the bonanza mines the Cordova Chamber of Commerce prepared recommendations for proposed legislation, which were presented to him.

He requested that solidified late last night that an attempt had been made to frighten him into paying \$10,000 to save himself from death.

Soon after the police were notified several detectives were sent to the home of Gen. Otis following a report that two men were skulking near his house. The detectives did not find any one when they arrived.

Gen. Otis received three telephone messages during the day. The first was to the effect that several hundred friends of the McNamaras were coming to Los Angeles to kill him. The unidentified informant called again and asked Gen. Otis for instructions. The third time he made a demand that \$10,000 be sent to First and Broadway by messenger before 10 o'clock this morning, and threatened to dynamite the Otis home if the money was not sent.

PAPA ANACONDA ARRIVES. Big Snake From Trinidad Brings Cheer to Forty-two Progeny in Zoo.

The keeper in the snake house at the Bronx zoo shed a soft, romantic tear in the furthest corner from the crocodile yesterday afternoon.

"And to think of them seeing their poor dear papa again after all these months," he murmured into his purple bordered handkerchief.

"Them" were forty-two very small and very happy anacondas, who were greeting their father after an anguish four months of separation. To other than his children the father's name is Tim and there was twenty-two feet of him that coiled when the box in which he has travelled all the way from some dim tributary of the Amazon River was opened yesterday afternoon. Mrs. T., otherwise known as Big Annie (she is twenty-four feet long), was sent to the zoo by W. W. Mole, an editor of a paper on the island of Trinidad, four months ago. Mr. Mole had been on a hunting expedition down the Amazon. Along with the mother he bagged the forty-two young 'uns, but the father escaped him and the editor promised at the time that he would try to get him too. So yesterday he showed how good the word of an editor on the island of Trinidad is.

NIGHT VISITOR AN EAGLE. Landed on the Deck of a Gasoline Boat and Stirred the Skipper.

Capt. H. F. Jorgenson of the gasoline supply boat Wait-a-While, anchored in Gravesend Bay, yesterday morning at 1:30 was awakened by an unusual noise. With his revolver and electric torch he began a search for river pirates. He finally located the noise on the starboard side and proceeded along the port rail. Flashing his light along the starboard side he found something lying there.

He fired his revolver into the air and several of the crews of neighboring boats joined Jorgenson on board the Wait-a-While. Capt. Jorgenson seized a soft hat lying near by and grabbed the object by the head. It was a bird of some kind which he decided was a rooster. Throwing the bird into an empty barrel the sailors went back to their own boats.

In the morning Capt. Jorgenson looked into the barrel and found that he had bagged a wounded eagle which had been shot in the left wing and had fallen on board exhausted. The eagle measured six feet from tip to tip.

BURGLAR SHOOTS BRAVE GIRL

SHE JUMPS IN LINE OF BULLET AIMED AT A MAN.

Rosie Patrino Shot in Breast When She Interposes Her Body in Front of Brother-in-law—The Young Intruder Is Rescued From Mob by the Police.

Rosie Patrino is only 15 years old, but she had the courage yesterday afternoon to face a pistol in the hands of a young desperado and she will probably pay for her bravery with her life. She was going to the aid of her brother-in-law when a would-be burglar, only a year older than herself, pulled a revolver and the bullet that he fired struck her in the left breast.

Rosie lives on the top floor of the tenement at 313 East 112th street. The building is tenanted by Italians and there have been so many burglaries there of late where the burglar got in through the scuttle that the landlord ordered the scuttle kept locked and asked the tenants to see that it was.

Yesterday afternoon Rosie's brother-in-law, Vincenzo Manrino, who lives with Rosie's family, saw a boy of lanky frame tugging away at the scuttle door.

"What are you doing up there?" said Manrino.

"I'm going home this way," said the boy.

"Well, you can't go home that way. Come down," and Manrino started for the short flights of stairs that lead up to the scuttle door.

The boy turned and as he reached the hall floor pulled a revolver from his hip pocket. Manrino dodged and Rosie, who had come to the doorway, ran forward as she saw the glint of the revolver in the boy's hand. Straight for her brother-in-law he shot ahead of her brother-in-law the boy fired. The bullet hit a bright metal locket that hung about her neck and glanced off into her breast.

Manrino and Rosie's father, Louis, sprang upon the boy and wrenched the revolver from him. Other tenants came running up the stairs and when they saw the girl lying huddled on the floor they broke into imprecations in Italian and for a time it looked as if the boy's time on earth would be a short one. They beat him and kicked him and did everything but turn upon him the revolver that had shot Rosie. Detectives Delich and Buddemeyer came up the stairs on the run just in time to grab the boy and take the revolver from Josie's father.

Then they took him to the East 104th street station with a crowd following that filled the street and was only kept back by the threats of the detectives. Philip Cappaglini the boy said his name was, of 34 Pleasant avenue, and he was only 16 years old. He has been arrested before, the police think.

Rosie was taken to the Harlem Hospital and the surgeons say she cannot live. Cappaglini was taken to her bedside last night and she nodded her head when asked if he was the one who shot her.

GEN. OTIS THREATENED. Demand for \$10,000 Under Penalty of Death Delivered by Telephone.

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 27.—Gen. H. G. Otis, owner of the Los Angeles Times, notified the police department late last night that an attempt had been made to frighten him into paying \$10,000 to save himself from death.

Soon after the police were notified several detectives were sent to the home of Gen. Otis following a report that two men were skulking near his house. The detectives did not find any one when they arrived.

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ETHEL BARRYMORE'S MISHAP.

Wheel Snaps Off Automobile Carrying the Actress, Her Husband and Her Son.

Bristol, R. I., Aug. 27.—Russell G. Colt, his wife, Ethel Barrymore, and their infant child, Samuel Colt, narrowly escaped injury in an automobile here at 5 o'clock this evening when the forward axle of the touring car of Col. Samuel P. Colt, president of the United States Rubber Company and father of Russell G. Colt, snapped at the hub, tipping the car partly over as the off wheel broke clear of the machine.

The party, which included Judge Le Baron J. Colt, Harold J. Cross of Providence and S. Reed Anthony of Boston, were on their way to a tea at the summer home of Judge Colt, in High street, for the observance of the engagement of Miss Primrose Colt, daughter of Judge Colt, and Andrew Weeks Anthony of Boston.

The accident happened in Burnside street within a block of the party's destination. The chauffeur applied the brake, but as the car tipped over the end of the forward springs ploughed through the roadbed for twenty-five feet and stopped within five feet of an electric pole toward which the machine had swerved.

All alighted safely and proceeded to the house.

WOMAN DEMANDS A DUEL. Toulouse Feminist Sends Her Seconds to Offending Editor.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. PARIS, Aug. 27.—Mlle. Arria By, the leading feminist of Toulouse, feeling insulted by the comments of a Toulouse paper on an article she had written, sent her seconds, Mlle. Anne Lear and Mlle. Maria Pugibet, to M. Cazale, the editor. They bore a note that read:

"I oppose duelling on principle, but am compelled to take recourse to it as the last means of settling a question of honor."

The result of the visit of the seconds has not been made known.

STAMMER SCHOOL ANNOYS HIM. Milwaukee Man Wants Off Repeated Chorus of Vowels Silenced.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 27.—Charles Stolper was the Northwestern School for Stammerers, which is next door to him, perpetually enjoined by the court from continuing in business at its present location.

Stolper sets forth in a complaint to be filed to-morrow that the students, between fifty and sixty of them, make night hideous with their loud monotonous singsong repetition of the vowels. That, he says, is part of the cure for stuttering and stammering.

Stolper alleges that the long drawn out vocalizations are annoying and offensive to him, greatly disturbing his peace and quiet. Not only does he hear the chorus of vowels by day but also far into the night, for the school has night classes, which practise from 7 to 10 P. M.

After the night classes get through, Stolper says, the fifteen or more students who live at the school sit up and burn midnight oil trying to master the pronunciation of A, E, I, O, U.

In addition to a perpetual injunction Stolper also wants \$1,000 damages.

WOMAN IN A DIVING BELL. Mrs. C. Hazard Bonner Makes Two Trips Into the Depths of the St. Lawrence.

OTTAWA, Aug. 27.—Mrs. C. Hazard Bonner of New York, who with her husband is spending the summer months here, yesterday had the unique experience of making two trips into the depths of the St. Lawrence River in a diving bell.

Mrs. Bonner having said that she would like the experience, her feet were soon encased in leaden slippers, each weighing fourteen pounds, and she was equipped with a heavy belt loaded with lead. She entered the water and sank slowly to a depth of twenty-eight feet, then she came to the surface and went down again to a depth of thirty-five feet and remained under water five minutes, walking about and looking over the work done by the divers who are reconstructing the marine railway. A large crowd of inspectors were present and Mrs. Bonner was generally congratulated on the courage she displayed in making the trip.

MOVE TOWN OVER STATE LINE. Dragon, Colorado, Is to Become Temple, Utah, to Please Railroad.

GRAND JUNCTION, Col., Aug. 27.—The entire town of Dragon is to be moved twelve miles as the result of the completion of the Utah railway.

Dragon, now boasting 600 inhabitants, will be moved bodily on flat cars to Temple, which will be the new town. Houses, railroad shops, stores and all are to be transported. The cost will run into thousands of dollars, but the railroad officials say that it will be cheaper in the end to have their facilities at Temple.

The Dragon people are opposing the move, but if the railroad shops and round-houses are removed the rest of the city will follow. Negotiations are now in progress for the removal of the round-houses and other equipment.

The new town site is in Utah and Dragon will no longer be a post office in Colorado.

GIANT DEVIL FISH CAUGHT. New Yorker Helps to Land a 1,600 Pound Sea Monster in Texas.

PORT ARANSAS, Tex., Aug. 27.—F. C. Nicodemus of New York and J. C. Cotter of Port Aransas harpooned and landed a giant devil fish this morning.

It measured fourteen feet across and with two harpoons in it weighed 1,600 pounds. The monster toured the launch three miles to sea and was captured only after it had been shot ten times.

The struggle lasted an hour and a half.

PERMIT TO COUGH IN STREET. New Yorker Hopes to Be Free From Denver Police Interference.

DENVER, Aug. 27.—Ole Skinden, a victim of asthma, who came here for his health from New York, appeared before Dr. James yesterday and requested a permit to cough in Denver streets.

He says that when he sits on the curb and begins to cough the first policeman who comes along arrests him and sends him to jail in the ambulance, charging him with disturbance of the peace.

MRS. SINCLAIR NOW TELLS HER SIDE

Feels That She Should Be Free to Seek for Her Real Mate.

"ESSENTIAL MONOGAMIST"

Her Description of Sinclair—Not Sure That She Will Wed Harry Kemp.

Mrs. Meta Fuller Sinclair, wife of Upton Sinclair, the Socialist, author and colonist, told a reporter for THE SUN last night something of the difference between herself and Mr. Sinclair and of the conditions and events leading up to her husband's announcement, made on August 23, that he was about to sue his wife for a divorce. She talked freely of herself and of Harry Kemp, whom her husband blamed in his statement for his domestic unhappiness, and told too of her plans for the future, although these are as yet chaotic.

At the outset of the interview Mrs. Sinclair said that she would discuss the present and the future, but not the past. Later she did not keep the inhibition thus placed upon herself regarding the past.

"I have been ill for the last four days," she said, "and so have been in seclusion. In fact I have not been well for some little time and was away when Mr. Sinclair made his public announcement that he intended to sue me for a divorce. I first learned of this intention when I saw it in print. I was sorry that the announcement had to be made in so public a manner or that any publicity had to be given to the matter at all."

"Not being well enough to feel that I could face reporters I remained in seclusion and did not reply to Mr. Sinclair's statement. To-day, however, I am feeling somewhat better and so I returned immediately to the city to make my statement of my own side of the case, as I feel, in view of the publicity which has been given to Mr. Sinclair's statement, that I have a right to do."

"My attitude," Mrs. Sinclair continued, "is one of attempted independence. It is in reality an attempt to solve for myself and in my own way the problem of the relationship of men and women in matters of sex. This attitude and the manner in which I carry out my study of the problems I mention I consider is a private matter rather than a public one, in other words, my own business. However, secrecy in such things is an impossibility, because of human curiosity, particularly when the persons concerned are persons whose names have already been before the public in other matters."

"This human curiosity after all is a perfectly reasonable curiosity and one easily explained. I believe that it is caused by the desire on the part of the members of the public to see how others solve the sex problem, to watch their efforts at a solution and thus without themselves incurring unpleasant notoriety to acquire knowledge concerning the relationship of men and women. That relationship, I may say, is the most interesting subject in the world to normal men and women. This natural curiosity also is at the bottom of scandal mongering; a curiosity about the relationship of the sexes and what are the real rights of men and the rights of women in their affairs."

"As matters are arranged now men have more rights than women in matters of sex relationship. Perhaps the chief reason for this is because they have an economic advantage over women. A woman finds it difficult to establish her independence. In many cases she finds it hard to make her own living at all. Certainly when she is unaccustomed to earning her own living it is difficult, even though she may have some exceptional talent. And of course exceptional talents are rare. The woman too is in a position of dependency and feels all the time that she is dependent."

"Now if the parties to a marriage find that they are suited to each other and accord is possible between them as to the solution of their difficulties they can work the problem out amicably. If they cannot reach a position of accord then there must be a clash and undesirable notoriety."

"Speaking of myself, now, I have the misfortune to have a very conservative husband. He is a conservative by instinct and nature and a radical merely by choice. Mr. Sinclair is an essential monogamist, without having any of the qualities which an essential monogamist ought to possess."

"One of these